

Can I get your order?

by Deamortem

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Summary: A HiJack coffee shop AU! The boy himself had quite a strange appearance. He had white hair, spiked like icicles in all directions and cold blue eyes which despite themselves seemed to be lit up with warmth. He had thick black eyelashes which trailed across his incredibly pale skin and a cheeky smirk on his thin lips. "So, what can I get you?" he asked.

Can I get your order?

Just a little HiJack oneshot; there wasn't really much thought in it as it was just a bit of fun for me! :) So sorry if it's a bit badly written!

* * *

><p>The rain was hammering down. It fell like torpedoes against the tarmac roads, soaking the world in a thick layer of grey. I ran through it; the cold wet soaking through my clothes and pelting the books I was holding in my arms. If i stayed out any longer the would be ruined by the water so frantically I looked around for somewhere to stay until the rain passed. Just at the top of the street there was a coffee shop wedged between two buildings. I hesitated but looking down the sight of my books curling from the water was enough to make me run forward to the door.<p>

I pushed the door with one hand, stumbling forward into the warmly lit shop. It was larger than I had expected, going further back with small tables and plush brown chairs. There was a yellowed light that made me feel almost immediately warmer as I took another step forward.

I was literally dripping, making small puddles at my feet from my sopping wet clothes and though I tried to shake some water away at the mat I had a feeling it wasn't going to make me dryer.

"Ah don't worry about it!" A voice called over. I looked over to

check that they were actually talking to me and the boy behind the long counter nodded in response, "I'll mop it up later, why not come and order for now?" he asked cheerfully. I was a little reluctant, seeing as I had only really come in to save the remains of my textbooks but I figured it would be rude to say no so headed over.

The boy himself had quite a strange appearance. He had white hair, spiked like icicles in all directions and cold blue eyes which despite themselves seemed to be lit up with warmth. He had thick black eyelashes which trailed across his incredibly pale skin and a cheeky smirk on his thin lips.

"So, what can I get you?" he asked. I noticed that there were no other customers in the shop.

"Is it always this quiet?" I asked, bluntly ignoring his question. He shrugged,

"Sometimes, people don't often come to these parts of town but on a good day it gets pretty packed. Usually I'd take your order at the table, the counters only for take outs, but since there's no one else here it doesn't really matter." I nodded, finding it strange how talkative the boy was. Usually people took your order and served it, end of, but this boy seemed to want to pass the time even if that meant talking to a complete stranger.

I stared up at the wall mounted menu, scanning it as a way of avoiding the awkwardness of talking to the boy. There were so many choices and I hadn't even heard of most of them, just used to drinking the plain coffee I made in the mornings so I stuck with ordering a normal drink.

"Um can I have a hot chocolate please?" I asked, almost guiltily. I looked outside at the rain still falling heavily. "And a blueberry muffin please." I added; the weather didn't look like it was going to let up and there was an emptiness in the pit of my stomach. My hair was dripping down my shoulders and I could feel my nose starting to run, going back out would only give me more of a cold so getting something to eat wasn't a bad idea.

"Sure thing! Can I get your name to write on it?" He asked, already holding a black marker to the side of the cup.

"It's Hiccup." I said. The boy laughed.

"Hiccup? That's a strange name." He tilted his head, a broad grin on his face.

"Yeah I know." I rolled my eyes, this happened every time.

"At least its interesting," He went on, "my names Jack which is hardly unique." I looked away uncomfortably; I hadn't even asked but he was already telling me, this guy sure was open. He took my silence as a sign that I was done and nodded over to the tables.

"You can go and sit down, I'll bring it over in a moment." He chuckled, "Give you some time to dry off." I smiled back, slightly glad to be gone and headed for one of the further way tables. It was small and round, positioned in a corner at the back of the shop with

only one chair. Perfect. I laid my books down across the surface, looking at the sodden covers; I really should have put them in a bag and I sighed as I began to slowly pull the pages apart.

They had been the main source of my worry and even though I'd taken shelter the pages were still stuck in clumps and the words dripped from some of the pages like they had been written in tears.

It was a bit of a mess but I was slowly getting the wetter books to open and luckily the important stuff like my sketchbook and project weren't too wet. I sat down, continuing to work at them. There was a faint whizzing sound but I didn't look up.

"Whoa those are pretty wet!" Jack was leaning over my shoulder to see the books and I jumped in surprise; I hadn't even heard him coming.

"Um yeah." I answered when I had calmed down a little.

"Oh heres your order, Hiccup." He said, putting extra emphasis on my name as he seemed to work it through his mind again. He placed the drink on the table with the muffin before standing straight with his hands on his hips. He looked troubled for a moment before he smiled.

"hang on, I'll be back!" He called as he left the table and headed into a supply room. He moved so quickly that I was a little taken aback. He had seemed to glide along the floor, moving so fluently as he went. I moved on, taking a slurp from the hot chocolate and feeling it warm my throat as I swallowed. I was still soggy and the wet clothes were making me cold. The drink managed to heat my fingertips as I held it and I found myself holding it closer to me.

There was another whirring sound and the Jack was back, gliding past the tables with his hands full of tissues. This time I looked down; shocked to find that the boy was wearing roller skates. He flicked his foot, moving quickly over and stopping himself easily on the edge of the table where he set the tissues down.

He must have noticed that I was looking because he followed my gaze down and smirked when he realised. I blushed slightly, looking away.

"Their handy skates," The boy commented, "makes it much quicker to get around and I can deliver the orders quicker too. Though mainly I just wear them because their fun!" He laughed to himself. "Now, I brought these; to put between the pages so that they dry out. It would be a shame if you lost all your work because of the rain." He began to open one of the books before I stopped him.

"You really don't have to do this." I told him, putting my hand on his sleeve to hold his hand back. "I mean, it's a bother for you and I'm glad for the offer but I'll be fine on my own." I wasn't used to people I didn't know offering so willingly to help so I just tried my best to reject him; but Jack was persistent.

"nah, it's not like I've got anything better to do!" He smiled, "And you'll never get through all of this on your own." He nodded to the pile, "So what do you say Hic? Can I lend a hand?"

The nickname caught me by surprise but I guess it was what made me agree. Jack was just being friendly, trying to help me out, and even if I denied it I knew he was right. So I gave in, letting go of his hand and letting him continue.

We spent the rest of the afternoon trying to salvage the books. I didn't talk much but I listened to Jack as he rambled on about his job and the other people who worked here, and how he was alone today but usually wouldn't be. Hiccup learnt all about his co-workers; Sandy, Ana and Aster, and his boss, North. He learnt how he had got the job and how he needed the money to keep up his accommodation and just about everything else that Jack could get out about the topic. He obviously didn't want to go into any personal facts but was desperate to talk.

Even after the rain stopped I stayed, enjoying talking enough to make the excuse that I would finish putting tissue between the pages. Jack had nodded and continued to help until other customers had come in and he needed to make orders. At that point I finally closed all the books, paid for my drink and gathered my stuff together.

I waved goodbye to Jack, watching as he skated between the tables one last time before I left.

"See you around Hic!" He called after me. For some reason it made me smile as I headed away in the now sunny day.

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The next time I saw the coffee shop was about two weeks later. I was walking home with Astrid, it had been a long day for both of us and we had stayed behind at the uni working. It was getting dark now as we wandered through the streets. Astrid was rubbing her hands together, hoping to warm them.

"God I don't want to go home." She murmured angrily. Hiccup had learnt by now that when Astrid was annoyed it was best to let her just get it out so he asked the question.

"Why not?" The girl huffed but he knew it wasn't at him.

"Punzi's got Flynn over again; there's no way I want to go home to that!" Astrid waved her hands. The girl shared a room with two other girls; Rapunzel and Merida, and while they seemed nice enough to me Astrid was always complaining about Rapunzel's boyfriend Flynn. "She gets so giggly and silly when he's there and I don't want to be stuck on the couch while they make out." She pulled a face of disgust.

"But Merida will be there?" I tried,

"ha, unlikely!" the girl shot back, "She'll clear the scene as soon as she realises!" I sighed, there was obviously nothing that was going to change her opinion. We turned the corner down a street and as I looked up I remembered something familiar. At the end of the street there was the small coffee shop I had been to while it had rained. And image came back to my mind of the boy, Jack, who had spent the afternoon with me and suddenly I had an urge to go visit it again.

"Hiccup!" Astrid's voice invaded my thoughts, "Hiccup! Are you even listening?!" She shouted.

"Yes!" I automatically replied but the girl seemed dissatisfied with her hands angrily on her hips. I tried to come up with an excuse, "I was...was justâ€¦" The idea sprung to me in an instant, "just wondering if you'd like to go and get a coffee and wait this out?" I smiled. Astrid relaxed, thinking it over.

"Sure. Coffee would be good after today and I don't have anywhere else to go." She shrugged.

"Common then." I lead her up the road to the shop, entering while the girl looked curiously around. The first thing I noticed was that there were slightly more customers but still not many. The air was filled with the vague hum of talk and more rich with the smell of coffee but it still had the same warm feel as I lead her to the back where the table I had sat at last time was.

I scanned the room quickly for Jack without even realising it, feeling silly when I didn't see him. Astrid surveyed the place with eyebrows raised.

"It's nice." She finally said, "Should we go up and order?"

"No, if you wait here he'll come and take out order." I said absentmindedly while reaching to get a menu.

"He?" Astrid asked and I jolted in response.

"I meant they! It's usually a boy that's all!" I corrected myself, remembering what Jack had said about Sandy and Aster.

"Ah!" She nodded, snatching the menu from me and reading through it. It wasn't long before I heard the whirring of wheels on the floor. I dared myself to look up at the approaching figure and he was there, just like I'd expected. I smiled a little; his hair looked just as wild as before and he had a notepad and pen in his hand as he skated over.

"Hey there!" He smirked, "I knew you'd be back!" I shook my head.

"Whatever." Jack took in Astrid, his smile staying bright.

"And you brought a girl~!" He sang cheerfully. I snorted out a laugh at that.

"A girl friend." I emphasised the friend part to make it clear and he chuckled.

"Are you not going to introduce us Hiccup?" Astrid asked, a light pink under her cheeks. I sighed, knowing what this meant, she had taken a liking to Jack.

"My name is Jack, and yours?"

"Astrid." She smiled as he scribbled it down.

"Now what can I get you?" He asked. The girl ordered before looking at Hiccup. "I don't need your name; like I could forget it, Hiccup. Now what would you like?" he winked, causing me to stutter slightly as I answered.

"u-um a hot chocolate and a blueberry muffin please." I said without even thinking. He laughed, skating off elegantly across the floor to the counter, where I watched him tear off the page and hand it to the boy behind.

He was much shorter and had blonde hair and a wide smile so from the description I guessed that he was sandy. I had seen him around the campus a couple of times but never spoken to him before. He had always just seemed smiley but to himself.

It wasn't long before Jack was back with the order, placing it down on the table as he swooped by. he looked back with a cheeky grin and at us before disappearing to answer to other customers. Astrid sighed.

"Did you see the way he looked back at me?" She asked and it took me a moment before I gauged that the smirk had probably been meant for her. "Do you think maybe he's interested?" She asked and I just shrugged. "But then he's so good looking that there's probably a ton of other girls who want to be with him" She was mumbling to herself now.

"Well why don't you just ask him?" I stated, not really interested; I mean I'd only met the guy once before and it wasn't like we were best friends, he was pretty much a stranger, so why would I have a reason to care.

"I can't do that! He's so cool and we've only just met, if I ask he'll say no straight away!" She looked at me like it was common sense. I was beginning to wish I hadn't brought Astrid here. It was undeniable that Jack was very good looking, in an unusual way, but that didn't mean that he was supposed to be the focus of the trip.

I looked down at my hot chocolate taking a slurp from the light froth at the top. It was warm and creamy and I tried to focus on that rather than Astrid's rambling. She paused to take a sip from her drink.

"This is nice."

"Yeah." I smiled, "Now maybe we can get back to the problem at hand?" The girl sighed.

"Yes. So what are my options?"

We talked for a good while until I convinced her that going home was the best solution as it was late and Flynn wasn't over that often. She had agreed uncertainly, finishing her drink and heading to the bathrooms before we left. I lent back in my seat, relieved that she wasn't ranting any more.

"So who was that?" The voice was so close to my ear that I jumped, twisting round. Jack just laughed, I hadn't heard him coming at all.

"You know, I introduced you." I relaxed.

"That wasn't what I meant." he shook his head, "Is she someone special to you?" he asked again.

"As in best friend special but other than that; no."

"You sure?" he raised an eyebrow.

"Yes," I paused, thinking, "if you like her then that's fine." the boy smirked back at me smugly.

"Sorry to disappoint her if that was impression I gave but she's really not my type." I laughed at that, whilst making a mental note not to tell Astrid, as not to awaken her fury. There was a question that was bugging me slightly about Jack though which I didn't know how to phrase.

"Are you always this talkative?" I asked, normally the type to avoid conversation with strangers whenever possible.

"Only with friends." he smiled. I didn't know how to reply, did that mean we were friends now? I guess that would be alrightâ€¦ There was a noise as Astrid came back to the table and we both looked up.

"Well then, here's the bill!" Jack cheerfully put the paper on the table, fishing around in his pocket whilst avoiding Astrids awkward gaze and pink cheeks. I paid and we left, making sure to give Jack a wave before I walked out. The boy had a strange knowing smile on his face as he waved back.

"See you next time Hic!" he teased and I knew he was right. There would definitely be a next time.

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It wasn't long before I found myself back; only a few days later in the week. It was the afternoon and I had an essay to write and two books to read for a few days time so I was hurrying back to get started. I had a bag with it all in over my shoulder, learning from my previous mistake of carrying my books, and it was weighing down on me. When I turned down the road and saw the shop I knew that I would end up inside; there was no way I could walk past the window without wanting to.

I stopped; thinking about the essay I had to complete and the texts piling up on my desk to read. Peering inside though I saw that there were only one or two other customers in there. I tried to reason with myself; I would definitely get more done if I just went home. But it looked so quiet and comfortable, maybe I could spend the afternoon reading and writing at one of the small tables... Sighing I gave in to my desire. I didn't even know myself why I wanted to go in so much but there was no point arguing against it as I gingerly pushed open the door.

I looked around, noticing that Jack was working again I felt a little relieved. He looked up at me and instinctively I looked away; I didn't want him to think that I was here to see him, no, it was the good hot chocolates and nice feel that had drawn me in. I made a

beeline straight for the table i had previously sat at; getting my pens, paper and books out on the table so that they crowded the space comfortably.

Then i opened the pages, reading and making notes all over the book as I went, pausing to draw the odd helpful sketch; not even focusing on being in the cafe. I was treating it more like a study now, a small extension of my space that included this table. I was concentrating well, working better than I had planned, until I heard the soft whoosh of his skates.

This time before Jack could speak and surprise me I sat up and turned around, making him shake his head disappointingly.

"Aww, it's no fun if I can't surprise you Hic!" he moaned.

"Well I know your tricks now so they won't work." I answered smugly.

"Not all of them." The boy murmured with his eyebrow crooked and a devilish smirk. It sent a shiver down my back as I turned back round to my work. "So what are you up to?" He asked, snooping over my shoulder.

"Working on material for an essay I need to do." I answered, feeling slightly glad that he was taking interest.

"Oh, what course are you doing?" He asked, absentmindedly flicking through the pages of my note pad.

"It's engineering," I answered, watching his reactions to my project, "but that's mainly just a mixture of stuff." he turned to the next page, smiling broadly.

"I can see. Last time I checked dragons weren't exactly on the syllabus." he teased. The drawings were sketches of dragons and adaptations for armor and mechanisms I had designed. I blushed, realising that it was only really Astrid who knew how much of a nerd I was over mythical creatures, reaching out to snatch the book away.

But Jack was fast and he spun away on his rollerblades, spinning slowly as he continued to look. I waited impatiently at the table.

"They're good." He finally spoke up, "You could have taken an art course, you know!"

"Well I wanted to for a while but my dad though engineering would be better, more manlier I guess." I shrugged, "But I liked both so I ended up just dropping art since it's not really practical..." I looked up to find that jack was staring at me with wide eyes. "What?"

"I think that is the first personal thing you've talked about." He said in mock shock, "Could it be that Hiccup is finally opening up to me?" I laughed at that. I had listened to Jack a lot and not said anything specific back so it was weird that I should now, but it just felt right all of a sudden.

"Well we are sort of friends." I smiled, remembering what he had said last time. The boy beamed at this.

"So what can I get you my sort of friend." he teased again and I shook my head.

"A hot chocolate and a bl-"

"Blueberry muffin?" He interrupted me, "Right?" I nodded, watching as he whizzed off, seeming to move even faster than usual around the shop.

He was straight behind the counter, talking to the other man who was resting there as he made up the order. The man had a blue-black shade of hair, tied in a low ponytail, and the beginnings of a beard around his chin. I could only guess for the description previously given that this was Aster.

I turned back around and began to write, managing to find enough for my introduction before Jack returned, holding the platter above his head dramatically as he drew to a stop. He placed it down.

"One hot chocolate and blueberry muffin." He swept his arm back like he was introducing royalty and I laughed, he had scrawled my name on the side as if he might forget it. "Hey, would you mind if I sit with you?" he then asked, looking away over at the counter. I followed his gaze to where the man was mouthing something with eyes purposefully at Jack but when he caught my gaze he turned around in an instant.

"Um sure." I said, slightly confused. The boy pulled a chair up, looking over the books as not to crumple them as he found a place to rest his elbows.

"Thanks, we don't really have many customers at this time so it gets pretty quiet." He commented before letting me continue with the essay. I tried to think of words to say to him but none came to mind. Then I tried to think of words to write down, but I just couldn't with Jack sitting there. The suddenly a thought came to my mind.

"Do you go to the university?" I asked, sitting straight.

"Took you long enough to ask, I thought you would've known." He tilted his head, "I'm doing a teaching degree so I can work with kids." he shrugged, "Not as impressive as you're engineering but I enjoy it."

"No it's cool." I reassured him, "I just don't picture you to be the type who likes kids. I would have imagined you'd have a sports scholarship or something."

"Kids and snow days; that's where the fun is." He nodded to himself.

"You like the snow?" I asked, shivering at the mere thought.

"Like it? I love it!" he put his hands up enthusiastically. "Sledging and snowballs and ice skating and snowmen! And then in the evenings hot chocolates and snuggling in blankets by the fire! How could anyone not like snow when that's what it brings?"

"I don't really like itâ€|" I guiltily looked away, "But then all its ever been for me was bruises and cold fingers." Jack huffed.

"Well this year when it snows I'll show you what it's really like, and trust me, then you'll like it." The boy proudly promised. I laughed a little, reaching out for my cup and taking a deep sip.

"Well if the hot chocolates you talk about are anything like these, I think I might like it more." I stared into the brown chocolate concoction.

"Well while we're on the topic, why don't you come to the christmas party we have here?" he asked, "It's on christmas eve, which I know is a long time off, but it's really fun!"

"I'm not sureâ€|" I hummed, having never really been one for parties or large groups of people for that matter.

"Oh common Hicâ€|" The boy winced, making his eyes really big and pouting.

"Oh ok, I'll think about it!" I gave in, running a hand through my hair, it was getting very long and shaggy. Really I'm not sure why but there was something about Jack that made me want to say yes. Maybe it was the way he called me Hic or had pouted so dramatically but it made me feel like he wanted me to be there.

I hardly got any work done as the day went on, instead finding myself talking to Jack. It seemed that now personal boundaries seemed to be gone there was nothing holding him back from talking; so he told me more.

It was nice just listening to him talking so fluently, occasionally telling him about my own experiences, but never stopping his stories. It only ended when Aster finally came over to pull Jack back to work; grabbing him by the back of the blue uniform, he took advantage of the rollerblades to pull the boy backwards across the floor, shaking his head. I looked at the time, it was already seven o'clock.

Hurriedly I began to pack my bag, how had I managed to waste so much time!

"Ah! Sorry I have to go anyway!" I yelled.

"It's a shop, you're free to go whenever you like!" Jack smiled from his new position behind the counter, leaning with one hand on his chin over the side.

"If that was true then I would have left hours ago!" I retorted.

"Then why didn't you?" I spun to face him. he looked so cocky with is smirk and once eyebrow raised. I stuttered, mouth gaping open, not sure what to say. My face was uncontrollably going red and he was just getting cockier. I chose instead not to answer and just to head for the exit.

"No tip?" he called after me, teasing me yet again.

"Like hell!" I shouted, marching out to the sound of his laughter. Once outside I took a moment to calm myself. I wasn't at all angry for once at being teased but the strange feeling of happiness that had made me stay longer was starting to annoy me. I felt like Jack had gotten the better of me because I couldn't understand it, couldn't explain it. I shook my head walking away; once I was away from the shop it wouldn't matter, I only got that feeling there.

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It took me a week to work up the courage to go back to the shop. After Jack had teased me I had kept thinking about it, wondering why I had actually stayed. I knew the reason of course but maybe I was just too proud to admit it; I was enjoying his company. I'd walk past the small shop, specifically making sure that I was on the opposite side of the road, that I was talking or looking the opposite way, so that I would have absolutely no reason to go in. I was being stubborn, trying to prove to Jack that I wasn't going there because I had to. That I wasn't going to see him like he had said, just for a drink.

I was alone that morning walking down the road as I tried to ignore the shop. There was something in me that was dying to go in by now though. I stopped, holding the strap of my bag nervously. I shook my head, this was ridiculous. I had been in the shop before, I could go in now if I wanted to; and that wouldn't prove Jack right.

So I stormed over, pushing on the door and walking into the room. My heart was beating as I crossed the floor to the table at the back that I liked to sit at, waiting for him to call out or something, but surprisingly he didn't. I mentally cursed myself for thinking of Jack again, this wasn't about him. Part of me knew that I shouldn't have to be convincing myself of that.

I sat down, placing my bag on the table and waited, picking up the menu on the table and reading. I had never bothered to look at it before and I wasn't sure why I was interested now when I knew exactly what I would order. I sighed putting it down in front of me and finally lifted my head to look around.

That was when I realised something that I hadn't thought of before. At the counter there was Aster making coffee, and serving was a girl, but nowhere was Jack to be seen. There was a thick lump forming in my throat. I was sat straight in the chair and I found myself listening very carefully. There was talking, but that wasn't it, the tinker of plates and cups, but no, the faint hum of the coffee machine, still nothing. There was something missing. Now I couldn't deny it now; I knew that I was silently begging to hear it. That familiar whirr of wheels on wood, the laughter as he swerved so perfectly around tables. I put my hand up to my head, I wasn't thinking straight, not if I had called Jack perfect. Jack. I rummaged through my bag looking for my water to gulp down the lump in my throat. I had been so stubborn, so stupid, trying to convince myself that it wasn't all about him. Of course it was.

If I had wanted to prove him wrong so badly, if he had annoyed me or we were no more than acquaintances, then I would have had no problem turning my back on the shop; but I hadn't. There was something about

Jack that had made me want to come back. I knotted my hand into my hair as I thought. I had never imagined that Jack might not be here but now he wasn't I didn't feel like staying. I felt let down and deflated for some reason and I knew that I had secretly hoped that we could talk again.

The image of Jack smirking casually across the counter as he teased me from before came back to my mind. "Then why didn't you?" He had grinned like he knew the answer already way before I did and now I could feel my cheeks going red again. I scrunched my hands up into little balls on my lap. It was then that I realised that I wasn't going to the shop for hot chocolates.

"Because I wanted to be with youâ€|" I whispered, an answer finally to his question.

"Excuse me?" The girl from before was standing next to the table with her pad out, ready to take an order. I didn't waste time explaining to her. Instead I stood, grabbing my bag and pushing past her. Desperately trying to hide my flushed face as I went, I left without buying anything.

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I don't know when I would have gone back if it wasn't for Astrids roommates; Rapunzel and Merida. I had gone round to Astrids originally to ask what I should do, only to find that she wasn't there and to be confronted by the other two girls.

"Oh hey hiccup!" The blonde girl opened the door to me, letting me in, "If you're looking for Astrid then I'm afraid she's outâ€|"

"Maybe I should just go then?" I asked, turning to go back out the door.

"No wait, we can at least give her a message with what you want to say on it?" The girl looked hopeful and I saw Merida poking her head around the corner of the corridor.

"Thanks, but I was I was kind of just looking for some advice." I was about to leave but Rapunzel grabbed hold of my arm.

"We're great at advice!" She giggled, tugging me back.

"Aye, if it's girl trouble we'll set ya straight." Meria emerged, taking hold of my other arm and helping Rapunzel to pull me down onto their sofa.

"Really, it's fine and it's not girl trouble!" I tried to wiggle away but they managed to hold me down.

"Really?" Merida raised a challenging eyebrow, "We'll get it outta ya whatever it is!" I sighed, doubting that they were joking. I bit my lip, considering the options I had. I finally I gave in.

"Alright thenâ€|" I huffed, sitting up as Rapunzel squealed and let me go, "It's not anything interesting though." I scratched the back of my head while I began to explain the situation to them; how I had met Jack and how frustrated I had felt at his closeness at first but

then how things had seemed to change so drastically as soon as he wasn't there. "I don't know what to do now!" I shook my head as I finished, "I'm far too nervous to go back!"

"Hiccup!" Rapunzel asked, "Do you like him?" I jumped back.

"No! It's not like that!" My hands shot up in defense, "I want to be his friend, to talk to him and be with him, but not in t-that way!" I gulped, knowing that I was making this awkward now.

"It's fine, I'm sorry for bringing it up!" Rapunzel apologised but she shared a look with Merida that told me she didn't believe me. "Anyway, I think you should just go back! Act normally, he doesn't know that things have changed."

"They haven't, I just!" I put my head in my hands, "ugh, I don't even know."

"Go back." Merida smiled, "It's what you want after all so just don't worry about it."

I looked at the entrance, preparing to go in. Across the road Merida and Rapunzel were waiting patiently. Though I could tell that they were beginning to get fidgety and Merida looked like she might storm in for me in a moment so I went in.

I was cautious and tense as I looked straight to the counter for Jack. He was there, just like before, collecting orders to hand out, like I had imagined. He turned at the sound of the door closing, a broad smile on his face. It dropped slightly when he saw me, instantly making me want to back away. I shouldn't be this nervous, it was just Jack.

"Hey Hiccup!" He smiled, putting the orders down, "It's been weeks, I was beginning to think you'd never come back." He chuckled slightly.

"But do remember what you said?" I asked, gaining some confidence, "You know I could never leave, I always end up coming back."

He cheered up, grabbing my hand and forcing me to practically run as he skated to the back of the shop. He sat me down, bending close to whisper in my ear.

"I'm really glad you came back Hiccup!" Then he stood up, "I'll go get your order now!" And he was off, swerving and spinning across the wooden planks like he had rockets on his feet. I knew that I must be blushing furiously by now but I tried to ignore it. Jack had gone to get my order without even asking me what I wanted.

He was back so quickly, placing the steaming drink and muffin down as he rounded the table and flicked himself into a chair opposite to me.

"We have extra staff today so North says he'll let me off for half an hour or so to talk." He grinned, leaning forward on the table. I gulped back my panic, I had no reason to be nervous.

"I'm glad." I said, finally telling him. He looked a little shocked but not in a bad way.

"Usually I would tease you for something like that but not today, I'd be too worried to scare you off again. I mean where have you been?!" he raised his hands. I laughed,

"I came once but you weren't here and I haven't been since" I admitted.

"I only work the afternoons to evenings, I don't live at this place. I won't always be here just because you expect me to."

"I know! I just, I guess I wanted you to be" I mumbled. Jack lent forward, putting his hand up to my face.

"Oh Hiccup I hope you're not falling for me now." He smirked. I squealed, nearly falling off my chair as I tried to move away. The boy laughed.

"No! Definitely not!" I should, forgetting that we were in a cafe, and knowing that my red face wouldn't help me.

"What's this;" A female voice interrupted us and we both looked up, "harassing customers again I see." There was a sort girl with tanned skin and dark brown hair, blue green and yellow stripes dyed into the fringe. She was carrying a round serving tray and stood with her hand on her hip.

"Ana?" I suddenly said to my own surprise, making a guess at the name. The girl looked shocked but Jack only smiled and patted me on the back.

"Well done! I see you were listening to me before." I smiled at the praise but then remembered what he had done, moving away. I looked to the girl.

"Hi I'm Hiccup." I reached out to shake her hand. She laughed a little and I thought it was at my name until she spoke.

"Oh I've heard all about you from Jack!" She giggled, "All he's been asking about is if we've seen you on our shifts. Though you're just as cute as his description though I never would have guessed it was you the other day, I did imagine you a little differently." I looked back at Jack whose hands were balled up together and his cheeks glowing with pink. It seemed like something clicked in me at that moment when suddenly I wasn't looking at him as a friend for an instant, when I didn't want to laugh at him but run my fingers through his hair and-

"That's enough Ana!" Jack stood up, "You're making it seem like I'm some sort of stalker." I was pulled from my thoughts as he moved and it took me a little while to come back to reality.

"Sorry!" She laughed, then turning to me, "Were you alright the other day?" It took me a moment to remember but she had definitely been the girl I had pushed past when I had come to see Jack. I looked at the boy, not really wanting to bring it up.

"I was fine." I smiled but giving her a look which begged her not to talk about it now. The girl shrugged and I saw Jack calm a little in the back of me vision. Is he worried? I didn't have time to ask

though. There was a clunk of the door as new customers came in and absentmindedly I looked up at them. I choked on my drink at what I saw.

I spluttered and coughed trying to calm down at the sight of the two meddling girls who had just entered. Rapunzel and Merida looked very out of place in the shop, so obviously searching for me and the boy they had assumed was my 'lover'. I crunched back into the corner, hoping that they wouldn't see me or they would definitely make assumptions. Astrid had once told me that Rapunzel was terrible at keeping secrets, I really didn't want to be dragged into a rumor with Jack.

"Hiccup," Ana looked back to me hiding in the corner, "Do you know those girls?"

"Uh huh, It would probably be best if I could just sneak away right now!" Jack got to his feet, whispering in the girls ear. Ana laughed,

"I'll distract them then!" She winked at me as she ran off towards the girls. Then Jack snatched my hand in his and took my order on his other hand, skating backwards as he pulled me up and along the floor.

"Jack! What are yo-"

"Shhh!" He smiled, "Just trust me." And I did. I let him pull me across the floor without questioning, my eyes continuously flashing back to where Ana was leading them to a table to make sure that they hadn't noticed. Subconsciously I squeezed Jack's hand a little and was surprised when he gave it a squeeze back, still smiling at me as he skated backwards. I knew that I would be blushing but for some reason I wanted to keep looking at him.

The boy let go of my hand as we got to a door, I felt stupid suddenly for not letting go sooner, realising that the squeeze was probably because he was finding it awkward and I should be too. I followed him into the room as he clicked on the lights. It was a back room filled with boxes that seemed to leak the strong smell of coffee. He set my plate down on one of them and sat down next to it, waiting for me to follow.

"It's just a little store room but I like to sit here sometimes when I'm not needed on duty; I thought maybe we could hang out here?" He said, kicking off his rollerblades to reveal his pink toes.

"It's fine," I began to drink my drink before it became cold, "It's kinda cosy in here and better than running into Rapunzel and Merida now; they probably only helped me because they wanted to follow me in and laugh afterwards!"

"Why are they following you?" He asked innocently.

"W-well!" I wasn't sure how to answer without lying, "I went to them for advice and they gave it to me but now I'm pretty sure they think I have some sort of secret lover that I'm hiding!" I grumbled.

"Oooh!" Jack teased, before chuckling, "If they found us like this

they'd probably think they were even more right!"

"Hey! Who said you were my secret lover anyway!" I argued jokingly but Jack just shrugged.

"Well you did come today specially to see me Hic." He batted his dark eyelashes at me.

"Whatever!" I grabbed the muffin, biting great chunks from it to hide any embarrassment, "And I thought you said you wouldn't tease me about that anyway!"

"Yeah sorry!" The boy ran a hand down the back of his neck, "But you're very fun to tease; you get all flustered and embarrassed, its really very cute." I could feel myself curling up slightly as my cheeks flushed again; Jack really shouldn't have such a dramatic effect on me. "See there you go again!" He smiled, not helping the situation. I reached over and stuffed the remains of cake into his mouth to shut him up.

The nice thing about being with Jack was that there were never any moments when I felt bored. Sometimes uncomfortable or embarrassed but as we talked I realised that that was why I liked his company so much, because it was never boring. When Ana came and opened the door we were part way through a conversation about disney movies which had stemmed from Jack telling me stories from when he was younger. She had just laughed at us, pulling me out while Jack put his skates back on.

"Oi Hiccup," She lead me away so that Jack couldn't hear us, "look after Jack, he's a good boy."

"W-what?! What does that mean?" I asked, reaching after her. The girl just laughed.

"I'm sure you'll figure it out!" She called. I was left dumbstruck with no real answer until Jack came back.

"You should probably go before Aster ropes you into working here too." Jack was skating circles around me.

"Wouldn't be so bad." I shrugged.

"You say that but I'd never get to see you if you had morning shifts." He ruffled my hair, his hand lingering a little too long on the strands. "But I'll see you around, and next time don't wait so long to come back!"

"I won't!" I laughed, waving my hand up behind me as I left.

I thought about Jack, shaking my head in disbelief; how could one boy make me so happy? My head was spinning a little as I remembered him touching my face and holding my hand and his fingers running through my hair. I stopped, gulping, was I in love with Jack? I walked quickly home, head down. Now that I thought about it, I was certain that I was.

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I was back to see Jack within three days. I had managed to avoid

Rapunzel and Merida's questions about Jack and remarkably they hadn't told Astrid yet; or if they had she was keeping quiet. It hadn't taken me long to understand that I liked Jack. I was shocked at first since I had never liked a guy before but then again I had hardly any experience with girls either. Then there was the obvious problem that Jack probably didn't like me back but once I was over that I decided that I would try to see him as often as possible from now on.

It was already evening, nearly evening, when I entered the shop, expecting it to be quiet with only a few customers but it was in fact very different. The place was heaving; people crowded around every table and new customers even waiting for free spaces. The table I usually went for was taken and the line to even get to the counter was huge. I contemplated going back at that point but instead something bold in me made me push past the people towards the counter. Jack was stacking orders onto a tray so fast and preparing to deliver them when he saw me.

"Hic!" Then he frowned, "This is a bit of a bad time, sorryâ€¦" he looked a little worried as he continued, "There's just been several tour buses stop just down the road for a break and everyone seems to have come here and we're just so low on staff that I won't have time to talk with youâ€¦" I bit my lip, thinking of something to say before I was told to leave; I didn't want to be a nuisance to him.

"D-do you want any help?" I offered nervously before he could leave. Jack's face lit up.

"Yeah! That would be amazing!" He beamed, "Hang on a moment!" he whizzed off, serving the orders he was holding and I took the opportunity to duck behind the counter to stand next to Aster.

"What're you doin here mate?" He asked, eyeing me suspiciously.

"I-I just asked Jack and he said I could umâ€¦ help out?" I stuttered, feeling very self conscious under the gaze of the man.

"It's fine Aster," Jack patted him on the back, "Hic's going to lend us a hand while this keeps up."

"Sure." Aster shrugged, going back to taking orders.

"Here," Jack held out something blue to me and I took it, opening up the material, "I know it's not uniform but it's the same colour and it would be good if you were kind of recognisable to the customers. It's mine though so try not to get it too dirty!" He winked, skating away with the next orders. I unfolded the hoddie, taking off my own brown jacket and replacing it. It was a bit baggy with Jack being broader than me but other than that fine. I scrunched my head back into the hood, breathing in deeply; the whole thing had a warm and musky scent that I recognised as Jack's and I was smothered in it. I quickly pulled myself back to the situation, taking Aster's place at the counter and scribbling down orders.

It was a hassle and I had no practice but after a few orders I was getting the hang of it. Also from my new position I could watch Jack gliding across the shop. He looked so relaxed as he ducked

effortlessly between people and flung himself across the room in small graceful whenever he came back to the counter to get something he would pat my back or ruffle my hair and tell me I was doing great.

It wouldn't last forever though and sooner or later the customers started to leave and the shop calmed down.

"So Hiccup," Jack leant across the counter that I was still stood behind, "how did you find that? Not as easy as it looks!"

"Ah, not that hard." I raised an eyebrow, obviously lying.

"Whatever!" Jack laughed, "But it's already ten, and you've been a great help but we don't close up for a few more hours. I don't mind if you want to head home."

"No!" I practically shouted, then seeing Jack's eyes widen I calmed myself, "I mean no, it's fine. I'm happy just to help out here for a bit longerâ€¦" I was trying to play it cool after my outburst but I could tell it wasn't working.

"Awww Hic, do you want to spend more time with me?" He teased, batting his eyelashes.

"No, I'm just worried you won't be able to cope on your own." I smiled smugly.

"Oh really?" He lent further in, "Because the way I see it you're the one who's been causing trouble for me recentlyâ€¦" I was blushing now, eyes wide. Our faces a lot closer than I'd noticed; Jack's hot breath tickling my cheek.

"Oi you two!" The sound of Aster's voice made me snap back, virtually throwing myself away from Jack. The man walked over to Jack, "This is a cafe, not a host club; you don't need to flirt with customers, just serve them!"

"Hiccup's not a customerâ€¦" Jack stuck his nose in the air. Aster rolled his eyes at that.

"No excuses, I'm surprised he ain't runnin for the hills after your antics!"

"Whatever! Hiccup know's I'm just joking!" He looked over at me. I was still pressed against the wall but I had hoped that he wasn't joking; that he might have been leaning in because he wanted to kiss meâ€¦ I stopped myself; it was stupid imagining that Jack would like me. He was so attractive that he probably had girls falling over for him, if he didn't already have a girlfriend.

It got to eleven and Aster decided that we'd close up early. I helped wipe down the tables and wash up with Jack while went to empty the till. Suddenly the boy grabbed my hand, pulling me away from the table I was clearing as he span around.

"Jack! What are you doing?" I was helplessly being dragged across the floor, stumbling as I went.

"Hmmm, well I was kinda dancing but I guess it wasn't really workingâ€¦" He mumbled, for once looking away. I wondered if I could see them weather his cheeks would be pink. "I've got a better idea!" He kept hold of my hand. wrapping the other around my waist so that he could hoist me up. I squirmed and protested as I was lifted until my feet were rested on the tips of his skates. "There." He smiled proudly, "Now we can dance."

"Jackâ€¦ I'm not so sure this is a good ideaâ€¦" I mumbled, my head virtually pressed against his chest to avoid falling backwards.

"Nonsense! It will be fun, trust me!" He laughed, beginning to move his feet. I screamed and yelped at first, certain that he was going to drop me, but after a while I relaxed. His hand became laxer around my hips and I got used to holding his other hand and resting mine over his shoulder. Still I couldn't look up; not while my face was burning. Jack was humming cheerfully as we 'danced' to his melody and I didn't want to let him know that this wasn't normal for friends. I was too selfish to let him stop yet.

I felt myself slowly sagging into the shape of his body, my head pressed against his chest as my eyes began to close from the tiredness that followed from working all evening. I felt jack moving my hands so that they were both drooped over his shoulders and I was now leaning on im fully for support.

"Jackâ€¦" I yawned into his shirt, "I'm so tired, I need to go homeâ€¦" He was dancing very slowly now and it was making me dosy. He gave a sigh.

"I guess you doâ€¦ And I should probably leave tooâ€¦" There was a warmth on the top of my head for a moment as something pressed against it but I was too tired to question. "Thank you for today, you were amazing Hic." The boy began to mumble quietly, "You're tired so you probably won't remember this if I tell you that I had a lot of fun with you...and that I'm dancing with you because I'm worried that if I let go then I won't get to hold you like this againâ€¦" He sighed again, hooking his hands under my armpits to lift me down onto the floor. I stayed silent; what was he saying? What did this mean?

"Jack I-" But he cut me off before I could continue.

"So I'll see you at the christmas party right?" He scratched the back of his neck, changing the conversation awkwardly. He grabbed a piece of paper from his notepad, scribbling down some information and tearing the page off so that I could have it. "That's everything. Will you be alright getting home?" He asked a little worriedly.

"Yes," I laughed weakly, "I'm exhausted, not drunk." He smiled very warmly at me as he nodded. "I'll see you soon Jack." There was a space between us that i wanted desperately to breach and the small pause lingering in the air before I left told me that maybe he had been waiting too. Or maybe I was just tired; I couldn't tell as I walked from the shop though the closed smile that was forming on my lips was big enough to make me forget. Jack had danced with me of his own occurred, practically held me.

I shouldn't be too excited but for some reason I was, beaming like a love struck teen. I opened the note scrunched up in my hand.

24th December, here, 7:00pm.

My eyes widened at the next part. There was a number with the hardly legible words; Call me, dotted down beside it. I made my way home happily, could this mean that maybe, just maybe, Jack liked me back?... I stuffed it into my pocket; I didn't want to get my hopes up yet.

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On christmas eve I headed down to the shop, followed by what seemed to be a small tribe of people. I usually spent christmas with Astrid instead of going home for the holidays so when she found out that I wasn't going to this year I had her temper to deal with. So I had had to invite her so that she didn't have to spend the evening alone; convincing her that it would be fun. Then there was Rapunzel and Merida who had shown a strange interest to also come; claiming that they weren't going home due to family complications. Of course Rapunzel had brought Flynn who I had never properly spoken to but that left me as Jack's plus one with four extras.

"Did you know, Hiccup knows one of the boys who works here, called jack?" Rapunzel asked Flynn. The man's eyes lit up in recognition.

"Ah Jack, jack Overland?" He asked, suddenly turning to me, "I know him, this will be a laugh if he's here." I nodded, smiling as I tried to ignore the small pang of jealousy as Flynn mentioned that he had known Jack longer.

When we entered the shop we were greeted by a whole host of noises and smells. The coffee shop was done out with fairy lights and tinsel and ball balls all around the room. the tables had been cleared to the sides and a were covered in christmas food with a stack of paper plates beside it. Then in the middle of the floor was a lush green christmas tree with a golden star on the top and an array of allotments hung from its branches. Festive music payed and there were people throughout the shop chatting and dancing, only some of which I knew.

Merida and Astrid were off towards the buffet without any hesitation leaving me with Flynn and Rapunzel.

"Oh it's so beautiful!" The girl cooed at the room as she looked around.

"I'm glad you like it." A deep warm voice sounded and we looked up to see a huge man with a grey beard and kind eyes walking over. He had a thick russian accent and his arms outstretched. "My name is North, the manager of this place." He shook our hands.

"Rapunzel."

"Flynn."

"Hiccup." At my words his face lit up and he let out a long hearty

laugh.

"Oh I know about you boy!" he boomed, "Jack is always talking of you!" At the mention of his name being shouted by North, I noticed Jack dodging through the crowd towards us until he was standing next to us.

"What are you gossiping about me now?" He looked challengingly at north.

"Oh nothing!" He man grinned, "Just telling your friend Hiccup here how much you talk about him."

"What? I do not!" Jack shuffled slightly uncomfortably, his cheeks flushing a little.

"Oh even I know everything about Hiccup now after how much you talk about him."

"Not true North!"

"Whatever you say!" He ruffled the boys hair, leaving him to sulk before Jack turned to me.

"Please don't listen to him, they've been doing it all night to wind me up!" His eyebrows bowed slightly.

"Sure." I shrugged, smiling a little because jack obviously had been talking about me.

"Hey Jack!" Flynn stepped forward and patted him on the back, "Haven't seen you in a while!"

"Flynn!" Jack beamed, "Wow I didn't expect you to be here!" The two took the opportunity to catch up, and I slowly snuck away towards Rapunzel. She looked a little down about her boyfriend going off to talk to jack though I probably looked the same.

"Do you want to grab some punch?" I asked her. Watching her expression change as a sly look came onto her face.

"Sure."She agreed. We stood there for a little while, drinking the alcoholic juice in silence before she finally spoke. "I can see why you like him, Jack's very good looking." Rapunzel started.

"I-I don't like him." I stated, remaining adamant that I wouldn't tell her.

"Oh common Hiccup, it's so obvious! You looked so dejected when he walked off."

"But that doesn't mean that I like him, I mean I'm a bit upset that Astrid just left too."

"Hiccup," The girl place her hand on my shoulder, "I won't tell anyone, you can trust me!" I bit my lip while contemplating the I gave in with a sigh.

"Fine!" I think that I do." I huffed, crossing my eyes and turning away. I didn't want to admit that it felt good to get it off my

chest. The girl was squealing happily and dancing around.

"Rapunzel! Calm down!" I warned her. Flynn lent over my shoulder, Jack standing behind him.

"Wow! How did you manage to get her that hyped?" he asked quizzically.

"He told me all abou-"

"Rapunzel!" I stopped her, "I thought we had a deal!"

"Oh yes," She motioned to her lips, pretending to zip them closed, "my lips are sealed. Common Flynn, lets go dance!" She grabbed the boys arm, pulling him away and sending a knowing smile towards me before she disappeared.

"Hey, this has all been a bit rushed, I haven't really had much time to talk to you tonight." Jack ran his hand through his white hair.

"I don't mind so long as you're going to talk to me now." I smiled, happy to finally be alone with Jack. He got me another glass of punch, the two of us leaning against the wall.

"So you never called me, even after I was nice enough to give you my number." The boy pouted.

"I thought about it! But in the end I was too worried that you'd think it was weirdâ€¦" I decided that telling the truth was probably best.

"Why on earth would you think that?" jack laughed, "I gave it to you because I wanted to talk, not so that when you called I could tell you to go away!" he shook his head, "The things you come up with, you should know that I'm laid back by now so there's no need to be so uptight."

"I guess that's just how I am." I raised my eyebrows.

"Ah well I guess I'll just have to get used to you then." He closed his eyes happily. I watched his peaceful face, the movement as he breathed and the pale freckles across his nose. I drank it all in, not wanting to miss his perfect features for a second. he was humming to the music gently, reminding me that it was christmas.

"Oh Jack, close your eyes and put your hands out for a second!" I rummaged in my pocket for the tiny parcel of a christmas present, finally bringing it forward. "here."

"You really shouldn't have hic." he took it carefully, opening his eyes and smiling so widely as he turned the green wrapped gift over in his hands. He began to unwrap it, and I winced as he got down to the gift, not sure if he would like it. The smile on his face as he looked at it told me otherwise. he held out the small snow globe out in his fingers, shaking it and watching as the snow spun and fell around the figures of the two people iceskating inside. At the time when I had seen it it seemed relevant since Jack always did look like he was skating on ice when he whipped around the shop but now found myself not knowing what to say.

"Hic this is great!" The boy marveled at it, "Thank you!"

"It's fine, I just saw it and thought of youâ€¦" I mumbled. Jack put the gift down gently on the table next to us before turning back to me.

"Now close your eyes and hold your hands out." He said, his voice calmer than usual. "And don't open your eyes no matter what until I say so." I laughed and followed his orders, letting my eyes close and my hands reach out. At first there was nothing but then I felt Jack's hands slowly hold onto my fingertips. "Keep them closedâ€¦" he whispered as my eyes began to twitch to open. Then I felt him drag my hands down and his breath was warm against my face. Before I realised his lips were pressed very gently against mine. I pushed back and then he was gone, our lips parting and his hands leaving mine.

"Ok, now." His voice sounded and I let my eyes flash open. I looked around but Jack was gone. Slowly I let my hands rise to my lips, to where he had kissed me. I felt like my whole body was burning with embarrassment; I had wanted that so much but now I was worried that someone had seen and Jack had disappeared so quickly that it left so many unanswered questions.

I searched for Jack, pushing past people and asking anyone I knew if they had seen him while trying not to seem desperate. Finally I came to a stop by the edge of the store cupboard, noticing that the door was open a crack. Curiosity got the better of me as I peered in, eventually finding the person I had been looking for.

"Jack?" I whispered as I stepped inside, closing the door behind me. The boy got to his feet holding his hands out.

"Hiccup I'm so sorry, I shouldn't have done that." He was shaking his head, his eyes scrunched up in confusion. "I don't know why I did it, I mean I knew it would ruin us being friends but I did it anyway and I'm just so-" I cut him off, putting my lips against his and scrunching my eyes up so I couldn't see his reaction. Jack stopped trying to speak, kissing me back. I was so much shorter when he had his skates on that I had to reach up on my tip toes and it was only when his arms wrapped around me and he pulled me up onto the skates that I could relax slightly. We parted for a moment.

"You don't need to be sorry," I whispered as if we might be heard over the loud music, "I've wanted this for a while."

"Not as long as I have." Jack smirked. Kissing me again and I let myself melt into it. It wasn't the alcohol or the party mood, just being with Jack was making me flustered with butterflies in my stomach and haze over my brain. I did my best to make it through the night without giving it away but by the end people were noticing my weak knees whenever we touched and the way that we were oblivious to other conversations. So when Jack finally asked me to dance I decided not to care.

I stepped up onto his shoes and let him spin and glide to the tune.

"Hic?" He spoke into the top of my head

"Yes Jack?"

"Can I get your order?" He smirked, putting a hand through the back of my long hair and leaning in so that our noses were touching. I knew what he wanted me to say and I mumbled it into his shirt, breaking his gaze.

"C-can I have you please..."

"Of course, so would you like to be my boyfriend?" I took a look around at Astrid and the girls before nodding my head. Jack smiled softly as he kissed me, and knowing that he was finally mine made me smile too. I kissed him back, not caring who saw because after all I loved him. Jack Overland; the boy who had annoyed me, teased me, cared for me and was now making me happier than ever before.

End
file.